ORIGINAL

POEMS

AND

TRANSLATIONS

On several

OCCASIONS.

O laborum
Dulce lenimen — Hor. *Ode* XXIII. *Lib.* 1.

LONDON:
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BRITISH MUSEUM

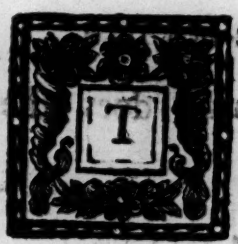
DEDICATION

TO

MARIA;

WITH

The following COLLECTION of ORIGINAL POEMS and TRANSLATIONS preſented to her, for her Approbation.



HE *Muſe* preſumptuous ſings her infant Lays;
To Thee, ſhe ſings, and fondly hopes to pleaſe.
Trembling ſhe waits, to know her early Doom;
And learn from your Decree, her Fate to come:

For ſure, ---- what freely you or praiſe, or blame,
Dies ſoon as Born, or Springs to endleſs Fame.

Women of old (not ſo our modern Wives)
With Senſe and Letters crown'd their ſtudious Lives.
A Poet then, without revolving long,
Might chuſe a female Patron for his Song;
Whoſe Judgment, byaſs'd by no partial End,
Would teach her where to cenſure, where commend.
'Twas then harmonious *Sapho* tun'd her Lyre,
And ſweetly warbl'd forth her love-ſick Fire.
In moving Strains, how charming does ſhe weep,
While Love tranſports her to the fatal Leap!
Smooth flows each Line expreſſive of her Pain,
And mournful Accents beg Relief ---- in vain.

Notions

Notions, how diff'rent, rule our preſent
Belles!
Faſhion with them inſtead of Senſe prevails.
Each beauteous Female now commences Wiſe,
Who ſpeaks her Thoughts by Cloaths of various
Dies.
Thus, ſable Velvet tells their ſolemn Woes,
While ſprightly Wit in Cherry-colour flows:
Prudential Care in Crimſon you may ſee,
And *Indian* Figures ſerve for Repartee:
Each various Suit betrays a various Mind,
With low Ideas to their Dreſs confin'd,

Degenerate Age! — but hold, my *Muſe*, —
forbear,
And for the Sake of *One*, ten Thouſand ſpare;
Nor longer blame that Sex from whence you took
The trueſt Critick, with the ſweeteſt Look.

Here

Here Charms ſo peircing ſtrike my raviſh'd
Sight,
I dye confu'sd amidſt a Flood of Light.
Un-numbred Glories dart a heav'nly Ray,
And Eloquence adorns what e'er you ſay.
Like Your's, had *Sapho*'s Cheek with Bluſhes
glow'd,
So many Tears in vain had never flow'd.
Her *Phaon* then had hear'd the blooming Maid,
And not to forreign Realms unkindly fled.
Not ſo her Fate: — 'Tis true *Apollo* ſmil'd,
And breath'd ſoft Rhet'rick round the infant
Child:
But *Venus* and the *Graces* prov'd unkind;
For *Sapho*'s only Beauty was her Mind.

Thus far I've dar'd my ſlender Voice to raiſe,
Your Worth — my Theme, and all my Song —
your Praiſe.

The

The arduous Task I but in vain purſue,
Unequal to confer Encomiums due
To all Perfection ſhining forth in you.

Forgive then, *Madam*, I entreat forgive,
And, O! conſent the new-born Lines ſhould live.
If in returning Years the *Muſe* ſhall ſoar,
And wing her Flight to Heights untry'd before;
Your lovely Self ſhall be her Fav'rite Name,
And all my Lyre ſhall ſound *Maria*'s Fame.

JESUS in agro ludens cum MATRE.

ODE.

In qua describitur ruris Amænitas.

AT quis hic autem Puer, innocentes
Qui parat lusus, ubi prata mollis
Collium flexus, tenuisque rivi
Unda Coronat?

RAPIN's celebrated Paſtoral ODE:

INTITUL'D,

JESUS at Play with his Mother in the Fields, together with the Deſcription of rural Pleaſures, imitated in a paraphraſtical Way.

WHERE bending Hills project a friendly Shade,
And skreen from parching Heats the proſtrate Glade;
'Midſt flow'ry Fields where ſlender Riv'lets ſtray,
What Child is this, intent on harmleſs Play?

Are

Tune Stellarum Decor, erudita
Prima Naturæ facies, ſupremæ
Mentis exemplum, ſoboleſque magno
Æqua parenti?
Clara, Tu quondam pede qui tonanti,
Aſtra calcabas, volucreſque Stellas;
Jam ſuper molles violas, & inter
Lilia ludis.

Virgo, non Natum decet iſte ludus:
Solis ardentes melius quadrigas
Frænet, & curru ſuperos volanti
Urgeat Ignes.
Antequam Cœli ſpatioſus orbis
Tenderit vaſtam per inane molem,
Ille jam nubes ſuper, atque ventos
Arduus ibat.

Are you the Glory of the ſtarry Sky,
In Pow'r acknowledg'd One with God on high:
You, the reſemblance of the Mind ſupreme,
Nature's bright Image, and our heav'nly Theme?
Say then, can You your boundleſs Acts forego
To ſport where Lillies bloom, and Vi'lets blow;
Whom mighty Thunders but e'er now array'd,
And ev'ry Planet, ev'ry Star obey'd?

Virgin enough! --- Theſe Pleaſures are too low,
Nor all the God-head in full Splendour ſhow.
His rather be —— to rein the rapid Sun
And urge th' Ætherial Fires with Vigour on.
For know, e'er yet, this pond'rous Globe of Earth
Amidſt the ſpacious Void had gain'd a Birth:
Sublime in Dignity, on Clouds He rode,
And Winds tremendous ſpoke the Sov'reign God.

But

Si per herboſos tamen eſt receſſus
Cura ludentem recreaſſe natum,
Rure cum læto procul aura vernis
Floribus halat.
Hîc ager vicinus amænitatem
Dulce reſpirat ; ſine nube puri
Hîc fluunt ſoles, Zephyrique blando
Murmure ludunt.

Mollis hîc tellus viret, & tepente
Sternitur muſco via, ne rigenti
Vel pedes lædat teneros arena
Callis iniquus.

Sive lectorum ſtudioſa florum,
Quæris aptandam puero coronam,

Aut

But if reſolv'd you'd yet indulge the Boy
Amid' this green Retreat in ſportive Joy:
The diſtant Air a vernal Eſſence pou'rs,
And wafts ambroſial Fumes from opening Flowers.
See! how the bord'ring Cloſe profuſe of Sweets
Each various Sence with various Pleaſure greets;
While Skies ſerene proclaim a chearful Day,
And wanton Zephirs in ſoft Murmurs play.

Here moſſy Plains, a verdant Liv'ry wear,
And downy Paths the Infants Foots-ſteps bear:
No rugged Pebbles ſpread the turfy Space,
Nor Wound his Feet beneath the matted Graſs.

Perhaps inclind to cull each fragrant Bed,
You'd plait a Garland to adorn his Head:

Aut amas molli digito comantem
Carpere Myrtum.
Late odoratas tibi promit uber
Hic opes campus, rosa purpuratos
Hic sinus, fuscos Violæ, nitentes
Lilia pandunt.
Arbor æstivo bene multa soli
Divite exponit sua poma ramo:
Frugibus felix beat arva largo
Copia cornu.
Terra quæ dorso tumet eminenti,
Sponte se Baccho dedit: At patentes
Fusa per Campos Cereri *laborat*
Ubere Gleba.

Sive te fontes, & amœna lymphis
Prata delectent, ubi blandienti

Garriat

Or ſay, with ſofteſt Hands you ſhould agree
To crop young Tendrils from the Myrtle-tree:
Promiſcuous Bloſſoms here your Choice confound,
And cloath in various Dies th' enamel'd Ground.
Lillies and Vi'lets all their Charms diſcloſe,
And crimſon Bluſhes, paint th' unfolding Roſe.
Autumnal Fruits their golden Sides diſplay,
And boſt the Influence of the ripening Ray:
Luxurant *Bacchus* climbs the ſteepy Hills,
While lowly *Ceres* all the Valley fills:
Productive Soils ſpontaniouſly incline
To grant ſuperfluous Stores of Corn and Wine:
Plenty puts on her ever ſmiling Face,
And Nature grows redundant with Increaſe.

Or ſay, --- ſhould chryſtal Fountains more entice,
And dewy Meadows tempt your wandring Eyes;

Where

Garrait lætam querulus per Herbam
Murmure Rivus,
Non procul leni fluit unda curſu,
Nulla quam turbat ratis, inquieto
Remigum pulſu, vacat otioſis
Ripa phaſelis.
Una per campos Aqua delicatum
Vitreo labens ciet ore murmur:
Blanda labenti, ſimul & ſtrepenti
Obſtrepit aura.
Humidum litus tepet, & paluſtri
Texitur junco: per aprica rivum
Arva ludentem tegit explicatis
Frondibus Arbos.

Quid voluptates memorare pergam
Cæteras ruris tibi præparati?
Ipſa ridentis plaga ridet omnis
Ore puelli.

Where thro' their Surface purling Waters creep,
And ſoftly lull the lab'ring Hind a-ſleep:
Behold, hard by, a ſilver Current glides,
Nor Ships, nor Oars diſturb it's gentle Tides.
Hark! How that trickling Stream thro' bladed Fields
Compoſing Sounds and ſoothing Murmurs yields:
While, in faint Notes, the plaintive Air replies,
And dying Gales repay it's gurgling Noiſe.
Smooth fenny Reeds the watry Shore oe'r-run
Which glows with Warmth from the high-mounted Sun:
Impending Trees a leafy Cov'ring ſpread,
And cool the River in it's winding Bed.

But why do I recount each pleaſing Sight
Here form'd to give the glorious Maid Delight?
Where-e'er the Child a beauteous Smile vouchſafes,
Each Scene looks gay, and ev'ry Valley laughs.

Paſtor erranti grege feriatus
Inflat arguta calamos ſub Ulmo:
Colle reſpondet vagus in propinquo
Carmina pagus.
Interim plaudunt hilarata cantu
Rura, perſultat pede pulſa tellus,
Mugiunt valles, ovibuſque paſtis
Flumina balant.
Perſonat feſto nemus omne plauſu,
Ales exultans ovat, & Sonoris
Cantibus mutas animaſſe rupes
Gaudet acanthis.
Garrulus ſurdas zephirus volatu
Provocat frondes, ubi purus unda
Humor obliquo per agros laborat
Serpere curſu.

Beneath a well-grown Elm, reclin'd at Eaſe,
The careleſs Shepherd tunes his ſprightly Lays:
Tranſporting Echoes charm the Bow'rs around
And neighb'ring Villages return the Sound.
Mean while the ſturdy Clowns in uncouth Dance
Retire in Order, and by Turns advance:
Adjacent Vales with ceaſeleſs Lowings ring,
And bleating Sheep ſuck up the glaſſy Spring:
The warbling Gold-finch glads the liſt'ning Ground,
And Rocks, and Groves harmoniouſly reſound:
While prating Zephirs with prolifick Air
Expand each Leaf, and ev'ry Branch repair.

Illa naturæ fuit innocentis
Forma, cum priſci niveique mores,
Cumque ſub primi bona mens vigebat
Tempora mundi.

Si quid æſtivi per agros caloris
Forte vitalem tepefecit auram,
Obviam ramo nemus imminenti
Porrigit umbram.
Prona ſe nato, ſimul & parenti
Quercus affundit ſuper, & reclini
Incubans natum parilterque matrem
Fronde coronat.

Perge felices agitare ludos
Virgo: Ludentem mea te ſonabit

Such was the Face unblemiſh'd Nature wore
When ancient Manners Flouriſh'd heretofore:
Such, the Allurements of her infant State,
E'er injur'd Juſtice fled her earthly Seat.

Should Heats exceſſive from meridian Rays
Burn the dry Turff, and ſcortch the ſunny Ways;
A Wood contiguous yields refreſhing Aid,
And tames their Fierceneſs by its ample Shade.
Wide ſpreading Oaks their gloomy Boughs extend,
And timely Help to fainting Peaſants lend.
See! Where at Play, beneath yon' thickeſt Shade,
The tender Mother with her Child is lay'd!
Inclining Branches ſtoop to fann the Air,
And waft cool Breezes round the ſacred Pair.

Proceed then ſpotleſs Virgin, nor refrain
The happy Pleaſures of the harmleſs Plain:

Muſa, te ſemper, Puerumque jugi
Carmine dicam.

Sic ames autem recreaſſe natum,
Ut tuo vati, miſeroque pacem,
Ore quo ridet bonus, & quietem
Annuat orbi.

You, and Your Son ſhall be my conſtant Theme,
And every Line ſhall loudly boaſt your Fame.

So may You ſtrive the heav'nly Babe to pleaſe
That I your Bard obtain his gracious Peace:
And He thro' Love propitiouſly inclin'd
May bleſs a wretched World, and ſave Mankind.

A THOUGHT ON SELF RESIGNATION.

PROFUSE of Woe, and harrass'd out with Care,
Why feels my Soul the Horrors of Despair?
Tell me thou busy everlasting Part,
Thou anxious Witness of my bleeding Heart,

O,

O, ſay! from whence the Source of all this Grief,
Which hourly ſtabs, and vainly hopes Relief.

Dreadful Decree! Which yet we muſt believe,
As Sparks aſcend, Man-kind were born to grieve.
So would th' ETERNAL —
Forbear vain Reas'nings then, and ſeek no more,
But meekly ſuffer, and with Love adore.
Support me Heav'n, to kiſs th' inflicting Hand,
Nor murmur once at thy ſevere Command;
So ſhall I ſtay the Fury of thy Rod,
Nor dread the Vengeance of an angry God.

Short the Duration of our human State,
And ſcarce we breath, e'er yeild we muſt to Fate:

Then, grant Afflictions be our painful Lot,
The Cup (tho' bitter) will be ſoon forgot.
But O, how raviſhing the Bliſs Divine,
Which waits that Soul who could with Joy reſign!
Whoſe zealous Mind of future Eaſe aſſur'd,
Content th' Awards of Providence endur'd.

See! Wing'd with Speed, his guardian Angels Fly,
And ſafe conduct him thro' a joyful Sky:
'Midſt Choirs triumphant of the Bleſt above
Their charge relinquiſh, and their Care approve.

Thus *Iſrael*'s King, with mighty Suff'rings crown'd,
From troubled Waves, a peaceful Harbour found.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd, not to ſee it's ſuppliant Vot'ry faint,
All Heav'n rejoic'd, and own'd the Conqu'ring Saint:
Seraphic Ardour fill'd His raviſh'd Breaſt,
And Peace and Love confirm'd his endleſs Reſt.

Preſented

Preſented to the Right Honourable the Lady ELIZABETH HASTINGS, *with an* Hour-Glaſs.

MADAM,

BEHOLD this Emblem of our fleeting Years,
Alike unſtaid, by Menaces or Tears!
See! how the Sands in ſolemn Motion glide!
The Godly's Comfort, and the Scourge of Pride.

Thrice happy You! who thus with Joy ſurvey,
The waining Proſpect of your well ſpent Day:
Whoſe pious Thoughts one conſtant Tenour bear,
And count for ev'ry Sand a ſacred Pray'r.

Th'

Th' Apoſtle thus by holy Zeal poſſeſt,
And fir'd with Hopes of everlaſting Reſt;
On Earth, with Pain regretted his Abode,
And heavenly-minded, long'd to be with God.

AN

AN EPISTLE, TO

Captain HARRY RODNEY, *at his Seat at* Walton *upon* Thames, *in* Surry.

FROM noisy Crouds and suffocating Air,
Where shall the *Muse* in joyful Haste repair?
To what gay Scene direct her willing Flight,
Where cowslip'd Fields, and cooling Grotts invite?

To

To *Walton*'s Meads ſhe wings her airy Way,
There claims a purer Sky and brighter Ray;
To Thee (dear *Rodney*) grateful Homage pays,
And hopes to charm Thee with her ſweeteſt Lays.

How diff'rent do we paſs our ebbing Hours?
Labour, my Province, and Diverſion, Yours.
Condemn'd to ſquander tedious Years away,
And ſtudy Tomes of Nonſence, Day by Day:
Condemn'd to breath where Juſtice ſhuns the Place,
And ſlighted Nature wears a ſickly Face.

No early Lark ſalutes my new-born Day,
Or trills the Linnet, from a neighb'ring Spray.
No ev'ning *Philomel* provokes my Dream,
Or lulls my Fancy by a ſilent Stream.

But

But grating Diſcords, and promiſcuous Cryes,
Break all my Slumbers with eternal Noiſe.
Earth's various Produce gives one jarring Sound,
And Notes confus'd, from Street to Street rebound.

To Thee indulgent Heav'n has prov'd more kind,
And ſent Thee Bleſſings ſuited to thy Mind.
A Mind where Reaſon keeps a watchful Guard,
And ſhews that Virtue is it's own Reward:
A Mind untainted with the Thirſt of Wealth,
Whoſe chief Ambition's, Competence with Health.

Delightful Sweets encompaſs you around,
And blooming Landſchapes ſpread the fertile Ground.

See!

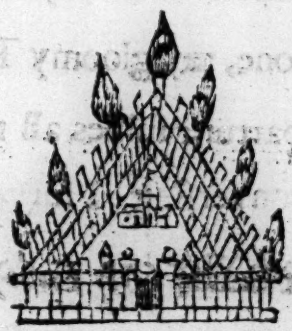
See! Oaſer'd *Thames* his floating Boſom ſhews!
While ſmooth as the expanſe of Heav'n he flows;
Reflects each Border in his ſtealing Pace,
And doubles all the Luſtre of the Place.

There, when extended Shades have cool'd each Walk,
How do I long to hear my *Rodney* talk!
To hear him tell what *Albion*'s Arms have done,
While *Gallick* Troops in wild Diſorder run:
To hear him paint the Horrors of a Fight,
When *Britiſh* Fleets in Thunder boaſt their Might.

With Thee converſing, I ſurvey all Climes,
Their Laws, and Worſhip at devoted Times.
Remoteſt Cuſtoms open to my Sight,
And Tracts unſought before, are brought to Light.

O, may I live to ſee that happy Day
When equal Honours ſhall thy Worth repay!
Honeſt and Brave! — The Character is new —
But *Envy*'s ſelf muſt own the Wonder true.

May peaceful Moments bleſs your lov'd Re-
treat,
Which fly the Villain in his Chair of State.
May choiceſt Pleaſures all your Steps attend,
And Joys un-numbred crown my *deareſt Friend*.



CLOE departed.

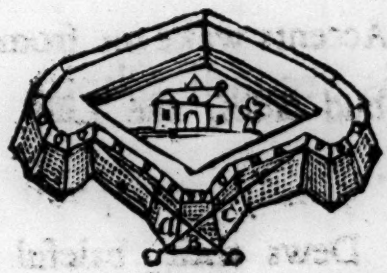
AND art thou fled? — Ceaſe, ceaſe, vain Tears to flow,
Nor ſtreaming tell, what Pangs I undergo.
Deep in my Breaſt the hidden Anguiſh bleeds,
And Grief to Grief eternally ſucceeds:
While You, alone, my gloomy Thoughts employ,
And Your Departure ſullies all my Joy.

Tell me that Sence (*My Love*) which does not bear
The utmoſt Pain, in Abſence of my Fair?

Where ſhall I find the Treaſure I approve,
To ballance for the Loſs of *ALL* I Love?
Where liſten to that Sweet, that heav'nly Voice,
Whoſe pitying Notes could bid the Wretch rejoyce?
No, no (*my Fugitive*) while diſtant You,
To each fond Tranſport I have bid adieu:
Harmonious Sounds no longer charm my Ear,
Nor pleaſing Accents wake me from Deſpair.
The Roſe-bud fades, the Lilly hangs its Head,
Unwholſome Dews their baleful Influence ſhed,
And ev'ry Being pines while *Thou* ar't fled.

Thus, when (eclips'd) the Sun withdraws his (Rays,
All Nature droops, and ſuddenly decays.

The little Birds their quiv'ring Pinnions ſhake,
And cudling low, ſeek Refuge in the Brake.
Each thing created ſickens in it's Turn,
And the whole Earth is but one ſpacious Urn.



EX
Senecæ THYESTIS
Actûs Secundi Choro.

STET quicunque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico:
Me dulcis Saturet quies.
Obscuro positus loco
Leni perfruar otio.
Nullis nota Quiritibus
Ætas per tacitum fluat.

Sic

PART of the CHORUS

In the Second Act of

Seneca's THYESTES.

LET who will climb the slipp'ry Heights of State,
(The pow'rful Courtier's too precarious Fate):
A calm Repose, with no inglorious Name,
In some obscure Retreat, be all my Aim!
Where Life's short Scene, un-mark'd, I may adorn,
And no proud States-man know — I e're was born.

Sic cum transferint mei
Nullo cum strepitu Dies,
Plebeius moriar Senex.
Illi mors Gravis incubat,
Qui notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi.

There, when my Days in Silence I have ſpent,
An old *Plebeian* may I dye content!
He only ſhudders at Deaths ghaſtly frown,
Who, to the World in gen'ral, too well known,
Expires a Stranger to himſelf alone.

TO

TO
MARIA
UPON

Firſt ſeeing and admiring Her, and being afterwards inform'd, that ſhe was married.

ATTEND my Charmer while I ſigh my Care,
And breath my Suff'rings to Thy gentle Ear:

Attend

Attend, and ſure with pity you muſt own
(Tho' guiltleſs You) poor wretched I 'm un-
done.

Curſt be that Night, that fatal Night, when
you
Firſt ſtood preſented to my eager View.
How faint my Heart! How ſtrong the quick
Surprize!
When firſt I ſaw thoſe dear deluding Eyes.
A flutt'ring Pulſe proclaim'd my hidden Joy,
And ev'ry Sence perceiv'd it's Extaſy.
Cold chilly Damps upon my Temples hung,
And babling Accents faulter'd on my Tongue.
My icy Veins the ebbing Blood forſook,
Trembling I gaz'd, and ſickned at each Look.
Contending Paſſions ſeiz'd me in their turn,
I freeze this Moment, and the next I burn.

Such

Such ſtrange Convulſions ſhook my tender
Heart,
While *You* alone that caus'd, could heal the
Smart.
Here Hope began to dawn; and I again
Once more reviv'd, and Re-aſſum'd the Man.
When lo! a dreadful Voice ſalutes my Ear;
Forbear raſh Youth, unhappy Youth forbear:
Haſte, haſte away, and ſhun the tempting
Sight,
For know, *thy Charmer* is another's Right.
Another's Right! — Forbid ye ſacred Pow'rs
Till mine on Earth, late, late, in Heav'n ſhe's
yours.
But look! Malicious Dæmons blaſt that Pray'r,
And clap their Wings in Sport at my diſpair,

How

How can my Soul ſo fierce a Shock ſuſtain?
I rave, I ſigh, but rave, and ſigh in vain.
Born down at length, by Pains too great to bear,
Each racking Thought is witneſs'd by a Tear.
See! my full Breaſt with ſecret Pangs o'er-flows,
And penſive Looks betray my hoarded Woes.
Anxious I wait the kind approaching Hour
Which ſoon ſhall waft me to a happier Shore
Where Anguiſh never can perſue me more.

So droopt *Antiochus*, —— a Sacrifice,
Scortch'd with a Flame from *Stratonices* Eyes.
A hopeleſs Paſſion caught his ſubtile Soul,
And painful Tranſports rag'd throughout the Whole.
If by ſome Friendly Chance he found Relief,
And ſtole one Hour of Eaſe from Months of Grief:

Soon

Soon as the beauteous Cause again appears,
He ſtarts, turns pale, and drowns himſelf in Tears:
Silent he weeps, o're-powr'd too far to rave,
Nor Dreams of Reſt but in the peaceful Grave.

Writen extempore on a Wine-Glaſs,

UPON

Spilling repeated BUMPERS

TO

CLOE's Health.

Anacreontick.

WHile *Cloe*'s the Toaſt at each turn I adore,
E'er my Lips reach the Glaſs, ſtill the Bumper flow's o'er:
The Miracle's this, — a young *Cupid* flies down,
And the dipping his Wing makes the Liquor o'er-run.

THE

THE POWER OF *CLOE*'s Charms.

MIDST a drunken mad Club, taken in by surprize,
Where the Wit was low Pun, mixt with Laughter and Noise;
The Pow'r of bright Beauty I call to my Aid,
And in Raptures describe my soft, languishing Maid:
At the *Charmer*'s Description, all the Roister's turn Mutes,
And enlightned (like *Cymon*) cease a-while to be Brutes.

CLOE's

CLOE's Opinion.

WHILE my *Cloe* and I (as tranſported we lay)
Were indulging our Sences in amorous Play:
While her heaving round Breaſts, and her languiſhing Eyes
Set my Soul all on fire with a wanton Surprize:
Prithee tell me, ſays I, in a whimſical Air,
If an Op'ra or Play (Child) you moſtly prefer?

The Queſtion, in ſhort, was no ſooner pro-
pos'd,
But the exquiſite fair One her Mind thus diſ-
clos'd.
The Delights of the former I highly approve,
(For Harmony ſooths us to Raptures in Love)
But the laſt ſo far charms in a greater degree,
As the Pleaſure of *five* Acts exceeds that of
three.

TO THE

AUTHOR

OF THE

Foregoing LINES:

AS Your *Cloe*'s Opinion was lately ſur-
vey'd,
By the Bloom of Fifteen in a ſpark-
ling Brocade;
With a Mien, paſt Deſcription, which told that
the Fair
Made the Sweets of *that ſame*, not the leaſt of
her Care;

Both the Charmers conſented ſo far to agree,
In approving of *five* Acts much ſooner then *three*.
But the latter conceiv'd that to make Things compleat,
A Deſert might be wanting to finiſh the Treat;
And therefore (ſays ſhe) if I dare ſpeak my Mind,
(While her Bluſhes betray'd how the Nymph ſtood inclin'd)
To ſecure my fond Heart there's but one ſurer Way,
And that is, by ---- tacking a *Farce* to your *Play*.

TO

MARIA

A

SONG.

TELL me, bright *Phœbus*, God of Day,
Who guid'ſt the various Year,
Did e'er thy peircing Beams ſurvey
A Nymph thus heav'nly Fair?

See! ſee, the lovely Tempter ſhine,
In beauty's Bloom array'd;
Each winning Grace appears divine,
That crowns the finiſh'd Maid.

II.

Yield *Cyprian Queen*, thy Glories yield,
Rever'd on *Ida*'s Grove:
Superior Charms contend the Field,
And ſway the Pow'rs of Love.
Maria only wounds my Heart,
And ſets my Soul on fire:
Then Charmer eaſe the killing Smart,
Nor let thy Swain expire.

TO

Mrs. -----, with *Milton's* PARADISE LOST, on Her reading, and admiring the ninth Book of that incomparable Poem.

MADAM,

HAD *Eve* Your ſofter Image worn,
Serenely ſweet, and blooming as the Morn:
Adam could ne'er have let her ſtray'd alone,
Nor then had All been Sufferers for One.

Yet more, —— had *Eve* but half Your Beauty
ſhar'd,
Scarce Hell it ſelf to tempt *that Form* had dar'd.
At Sight of Thee thus, thus divinely Fair,
The vanquiſh'd Fiend had ſickn'd with Deſpair:
The dreadful Purpoſe of his Soul forgot,
And Beauty triumph'd o'er his Helliſh Plot.

Written

Written in a blank Leaf of *Prior's* POEMS, preſented by a Friend to Mr. *H——y F——n*; alluding to *Prior's* HENRY and EMMA,

IN *Prior's* Lines too fond the Maid appears;
The Youth perplex'd with Jealouſy and Fears.
Superior ſmiles Your *Emma*: She commands
Not ſues for Fondneſs at her *Henry's* Hands.
While you —— tranſported at your happy Fate,
Forbear fictitious Tryals to relate;
And ſtrive your tender Paſſion to approve,
By endleſs Acts of Conſtancy and Love.

Walking

Walking in the Country with a young Lady, in imitation of Anacreon's *Twenty ſecond* ODE *to* Bathyllus.

SEE! *Cloe*, ſee .... Thou wondrous Maid!
Behold this verdant gloomy Shade!
Look! on each Leaf ſmooth Zephirs play,
And gently fann the ſultry Day:
While near —— a murm'ring Brook invites
To calm Repoſe, and ſoft Delights.

Say

Say then (*my Love*) who views this Place
But muſt entreat a fond Embrace?
Where Scenes inviting thus conſpire
To charm the Soul, and prompt Deſire.

Quinti,

Quinti Horatij *Flacci*,

Ode 3. Lib. 4.

QUEM Tu, Melpomene, *semel*
Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Isthmius
Clarabit pugilem; non equus impiger
Curru ducet Achaïco
Victorem; neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis Ducem,
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas
Ostendet Capitolio.

Sed

In Imitation of the third ODE *of the fourth* BOOK *of* Horace.

ON whom, *Melpomene*, with pleasing Eyes,
Early you smil'd, and blest the Infant's Cries.
His brighter Aim no *Isthmian* Prize shall crown,
No rapid Chariot raise his high Renown:
Nor to the *Capitol* shall he repair
Adorn'd with Lawrels, and rich Spoils of War;
Proud to have quell'd some haughty Tyrant's Threats,
And gain'd a Triumph by his martial Feats.

Ta'

Sed quæ Tibur *Aquæ fertile perfluunt*
Et ſpiſſæ nemorum comæ
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.

Romæ *principis Urbium*
Dignatur ſoboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere me Choros:
Et jam dente minus mordeor invido.

O, teſtudinis aureæ
Dulcem quæ Strepitum, Pieri, temperas!
O, mutis quoque piſcibus
Donatura cycni, ſi libeat, ſonum!
Totum muneris hoc tui eſt
Quod monſtror digito prætereuntium
Romanæ *fidicen lyræ:*
Quod ſpiro, & placeo, ſi placeo, tuum eſt.

Th' *Æolian* Muſe his Fame alone proclaims
'Midſt ſhady Groves, and *Tibers* fertile Streams!

Rome's learned Sons have rank'd me in the Choir
Of Bards inſpir'd with *Phœbus* ſacred Fire:
And now the Criticks partly waive their Spleen,
While Envy veils half-way her ſickly Mien.

O *Muſe* —— who ſoftneſt ev'ry harſher Sound,
And mak'ſt my Shell diffuſe kind Airs around!
You, —— who to ſilent Fiſh can give a Strain
Sweet as the Song, when dying Swans complain!
'Tis Your's, that pointing Crouds my Fame reherſe,
And hail me Author of the *Lyrick* Verſe:
My Life, my Praiſe, (if any Praiſe) I've gain'd
All, all's your Gift, and thro' your Smiles attain'd.

IN

IMITATION

OF THE

Twenty ſeventh Ode of the firſt Book of *Horace*.

Humbly inſcrib'd to my Friend, Sir John ---

FOR Shame give o'er! This ſavage Cuſtom ceaſe!
And crown each Glaſs with Harmony and Peace.

No

No more let bloody Feuds out Souls disjoyn,
For War is fatal to the Joys of Wine.
Would you retain me, for a nightly Gueſt?
Let each Man toaſt the *Nymph* that fires his Breaſt.
On this Condition You may bribe my ſtay,
But this rejected forces me away.

Come then, Sir *John*! impart her pleaſing Name,
Nor bluſh to languiſh in a decent Flame.
What? Silent yet! The *Fair* in Whiſpers own,
And give the Secret to my Ear alone:
With me it dies —— alas! what's that I hear?
My Friend, Sir *John*, in ſuch a dang'rous Snare!

What God, what Magick can your Lot revoke?
What Charm releaſe You from her treacherous Yoke?
Vain, vain I fear all Overtures muſt prove,
To wean your Heart from ſuch ill fated Love.

IN

IN IMITATION OF THE THIRD ODE OF *ANACREON.*

'TWAS on a black tempeſtuous Night,
When ev'ry Space was void of Light:
When glitt'ring Stars had veild their Heads,
And Mortals ſlumbred on their Beds;

Cupid with ſly Intent arriv'd
Where the jocoſe *Anacreon* liv'd;
When much fateagu'd, and wet all o'er,
His *Godſhip* thunder'd at the Door.

The good old Man, in ſome Surprize
Demanded whence that ſudden Noiſe.
Replies the *Youth*, and archly ſmil'd,
'Tis I, — ne'er fear — a harmleſs Child:
Riſe gentle Sir, in Pity riſe,
And ſave an Infant, — or he dies.

Toucht with Concern at what he ſaid,
Anacreon ſtarted from his Bed;
And having made a chearful fire,
Unbarr'd the Door at his Deſire.
When lo! appear'd in open View
A Stripling with a ſilver Bow.

A Pair of Wings his Shoulders grac'd;
His Quiver croſs his Back was plac'd.
Our friendly Hoſt to ſhew his Care,
Firſt drain'd the Water from his Hair:
And laſt —— his Compliments to crown,
He warm'd his Hands between his own.

When now, the *Youth* grown pert and gay,
Contriv'd the Means to ſhew his Play.
I fear, ſays he, my Bow has loſt
A Pow'r e'er now, it us'd to boaſt:
I fear this Storm has ſlack'd the String,
And much impair'd it's former ſpring:
I'll try howe'er, —— twang flies a Dart,
And pierces poor *Anacreon*'s Heart.
This done, —— He 'loud proclaims his Joy,
And laughing cries —— adieu *old Boy*:

No Damage did my Bow ſuſtain,
I gueſs, howe'er, your future Pain:
For know, my String has prov'd ſo Sound,
Your Heart has felt a deadly Wound.

TO

TO

Mr. *PHILLIPS*,

ON HIS

TRAGEDY,

CALL'D,

The *BRITON*.

THE Task was gen'rous, and deserves our Praise,
To paint the Lustre of our early Days:

To let us know what *Albion*'s Bloom has been,
And make us ſenſible, we once —— were *Men*:
To trace the Bleſſings of our *native Earth*,
And ſing the Sweets peculiar to *our Birth*:
To mark the Glories of a *valiant Race*
Prone to fierce Combat and each manly Grace.
For this (dear *Phillips*) juſtly may'ſt thou claim
The grateful Tribute of immortal Fame.

With ardent Zeal for Liberty inſpir'd,
How beats my Heart at *Vanoc*'s Preſence fir'd!
To hear *him* pleas'd thoſe glorious Words recite,
" *And from their King they moſt demand their Right.*
Bleſt Priviledge! — the meaneſt *Briton*'s Boaſt!
To other Climates, or not known —— or loſt.
Long, long protect us by thy glorious Stay,
And gild our I'land with thy lateſt Ray.

Nouriſh'd by thee, each Valley teems with Grain,
And joyful Harveſts own thy gentle Reign.
The chearful Peaſant dreads no Tyrants Frown,
While *Halcyon* ſafety ſpreads his Bed with Down.
How diff'rent muſt that wretched People be
Where Thouſands tremble and but *One* is free?
Whoſe only Right is in their Idol's Pow'r,
The Creatures of his Will at ev'ry Hour;
Who yet are taught that Conſcience cries — obey,
Tho' *God's Vicegerent* prove a beaſt of Prey.

Baſe Superſtition! — Servitude of Fools!
The curſed Rudiments of *Turkiſh* Schools!
Vaniſh ſuch Dreams from every *Engliſh* Breaſt,
For Man in *Bondage* never can be bleſt.

'Tis

'Tis *Your's* to cultivate *Britania's* Youths,
And publiſh wholeſome (tho' unwelcome) Truths.
To write the ſtubborn Worth of Days of Yore
E'er forreign Luxuries had reach'd our Shore
And made us humble, — while they made us Poor.
To ſpeak the Wretchedneſs of fawning Knaves,
Poliſh'd to — *Cowards*, and refind to — *Slaves*.

Go on then *Cenſor* —— nor refuſe to ſing
The ſickly Verdure of our blaſted Spring.
Plant our Forefather's Virtues in our View,
And all their Genius in our Sculs renew.

No Wanton Ball, or Midnight Maſquerade
Their warlike Energy could e'er upbraid;
But nobler Aims provok'd their tow'ring Might,
And made them ruſh impetuous to the Fight.

May

May *Tvor*'s Conduct warm each *Britiſh* Heart,
And Thirſt of Honour to his Mind impart:
While *Vanoc* this great Maxim ſhall relate,
(The ſolid Baſis of our free-born State)
That Prince and People ſhare a mutual Right,
And *both* are happieſt when they *moſt unite*.

TO

IN

IMITATION

OF THE

Thirty ſeventh ODE

OF

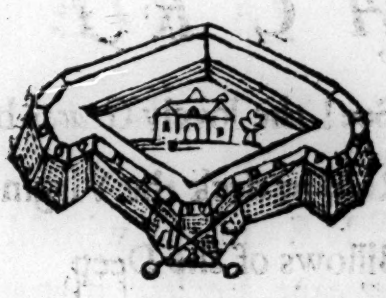
ANACREON.

SEE! See! the lovely *Graces* bring
The Roſe to deck the Virgin Spring!
No more the Billows of the Deep
Inſult the Skies, but calmly ſleep.
The Duck her wat'ry Chaſe purſues:
His wandring Courſe the Crane renews:

The

The Sun emits a brighter Ray,
And adds new Luſtre to the Day.

Look! all ſerene the Heav'ns apppear,
And Fields proclaim their Tiller's Care.
Nature aſſumes a pregnant Face,
And ſwelling Budds the Olive grace:
While ſpreading Vines their Tendrils ſhoot,
And happy Branches teem with Fruit.



AN EPISTLE TO *CLOE.*

Deſunt Multa.

THE many wiſhful and ſignificant Looks, mutually ſent and receiv'd by each other, from our reſpective Caſements; our ineffectual Attempts to converſe in ſuch a Manner as to eſcape the liſtning Ears of a rude gaping

gaping Multitude of prying Neighbours; the reciprocal Concern for the Health of each other, render'd but too liable to be impair'd from the Inclemency of a frosty Night, together with the inhuman Conduct of an overwise watchfull *****, the Barr and Obstacle of our tender Hours, and soft Amusments; (all, all silent Demonstrations of excess of Love and Despair) cannot possibly be describ'd in more natural and moving Manner than in the following Allusion, which is lately come to my Hands, *viz*

SO, when the rav'nous Hawk, with gentle Pace
Rounds in the Air to watch the feather'd Race:
If perch'd a-part two loving Turtles spy
Their common Foe with swift Destruction nigh:

Both

Both fix their Eyes and ſilent bid adieu,
Nor dare they murmur out one parting Coo:
Each for it's harmleſs Conſort bleeds alone,
And both become the Tyrant's Prey in one.

9 DE 63

Writen

BRITISH MUSEUM

Written under the Name of CLOE, *upon a Bumper Glaſs of* Port Wine.

BRIGHT *Cloe*'s no ſooner our favourite Toaſt,
But each ſpirited Glaſs a new Virtue can boaſt:
Bacchus pleas'd at the Choice, in a good humour'd Vein:
Bids the *Port* change it's Nature, and turn to *Champaign*.

IN OBITUM DUCIS GLOCESTRIENSIS.

DUM tuâ Gloverni celebrans natalia Festa
Regia Windsoriæ plausibus aula sonat:

Tunc

UPON THE

DEATH

OF THE

Duke of *GLOUCESTER.*

ALLUDING

To the *Fire Works*, made to celebrate His BIRTH.

WHILE ecchoing Shouts through *Windſor's* Court reſound,
And Fame in Tranſport ſpreads Your Birth arround:

Then

Tunc feſtivi ignes quaſi diri arſere cometæ
Atque ſuo ex fato præmonuêre tuum
Tales arſuri Troes vidêre triumphos,
Et quæ lux miſeris ultima, feſta fuit.

Then ſtreaming Rockets like dire Comets
ſhone,
And told your ſudden Exit by their own.
Triumphs like theſe amus'd expiring *Troy*,
And the laſt Light She ſaw, She ſaw — with
Joy.

IN

IN

IMITATION

OF THE

Twenty ſixth ODE

OF

ANACREON.

WHEN *Bacchus* has my Soul Poſſeſt,
My buiſy Cares are lull'd to Reſt.
'Tis then, imagining I've more,
Then wealthy *Græſus*' mighty Store;
I ſweetly ſing, I galy love,
And through each Maze of Pleaſures rove.

With

With Ivy then my Brows I bind,
And trample all things in my Mind.
Make ready Boy—— the Goblet fill,
Give me a Tun, that I may ſwill:
For when my Brain to Reſt is laid,
'Tis better far, I'm drunk than dead.

ERRATA ſic Corrige.

PAge 10. Line 14. for *tenderit*, read *tenderet*. P. 15, l. 8. f. *boſt*, r. *boaſt*. Ib. l. 9. f. *Luxurant*, r. *Luxuriant*. Ib. l. 11. f. *ſpontaniouſly*, r. *ſpontaneouſly*. P. 16. l. 1. f. *garrait*, r. *garriat*. P. 44. l. 12. f. *Diſpair*, r. *deſpair*. P. 69. l. 7. f. *Yauth*, r. *Youth*.

FINIS.

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